

## Beginnings

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Summary: Alfred reflects on a young Bruce.

## Beginnings

Disclaimer: I don't own 'em, DC Comics and Time/Warner do. If I did, you'll know it because

>that's when I'll marry Dick Grayson. But I'm not trying to infringe on their copyright.<br>

>Acknowledgments: I'd like to thank Siti Marie for beta reading and the title; and Marco Palogne<br>for beta reading, and for being a great friend and cologne tycoon. This is my first fanfic, so

>feedback is welcome, but be nice!!<br>

> Beginnings<br>Alfred Pennyworth brought a tray of steaming vegetable soup into the boy's room and set it on

>the desk in front of his young master. He had long since given up on the hope that hunger would<br>overpower shock, and now just sat the dark-haired boy on his lap to feed him.

><br>All the child specialists, the therapists and psychologists, had told him not to worry. They told him

>that someday, Bruce Wayne would be a normal boy, falling out of this silence and into the world<br>of childhood. But after three months of not hearing the voice of his six-year-old master, Alfred

>didn't believe them.<br>

>As he fed the boy, Alfred chattered about what he had done that day, what still needed to be<br>done, world news--anything to kill the unearthly silence that seemed to fill every niche and gap in

>the bedroom; a room that used to be so bright with love and laughter. The other Wayne servants<br>had all quit and been dismissed a long time ago, but Alfred was prepared to see this through. He

>had been with the Wayne household since his days with the British Secret Service, and, in the<br>darkest hours of the night, blamed himself for what had befallen Dr. Wayne and his wife. If only

>he had been there that night...if only he hadn't taken off...if only, if only...<br>  
>Alfred looked at the young boy whom he had, over the years, grown so fond of, and felt an<br>intense sadness that, from the way things looked, he would never grow up to have the happy life  
>his parents had dreamed for him. Alfred had dreamed of it too: for him to be hte levelheaded<br>businessman to take over for Dr. Wayne when he grew old. Alfred sighed; a dream shattered  
>with two shots in a dark alley. Life just wasn't going to play fair with this couple and their young<br>son.  
><br>Suddenly, little Bruce looked up at Alfred, eyes glaring with conviction, and said firmly, "It's not  
>going to happen again, Alfred, not if I can help it."<br>  
>And Alfred believed him.. <p><p>

End  
file.